

VERMONT COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1872.

NO. 31.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AC. D. MANSY,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

J. F. WRIGHT,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

DR. O. A. REMIN,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

DR. PARKHURST,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

W. B. CRITCHETT,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

L. R. WOOD, JR.,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

DR. J. F. HILL,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

CUTLER & GONS,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

MISS A. J. CUTLER,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

E. G. STEVENS,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

M. J. SMITH,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

J. N. WEBSTER,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

FRED. H. MORSE,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

DALE & ROBINSON,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

J. L. WOODMAN,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

MRS. G. C. DAVIS,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

A. C. ROBINSON,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

W. W. GROUT,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

W. W. EATON,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

J. M. CURRIAN,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

MARTIN ABBOTT,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

J. E. OWEN,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

J. H. HOLTON, AGENT,

COVENTRY, VERMONT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

VERY NEW STYLE.

THE MOST ELABORATE.

Also Hosiery, Gloves,

and all kinds of

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY RECEIVED.

NEW GOODS!

THE LATEST STYLES.

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Blacksmithing

CUSTOM WORK.

WEST GLOVER.

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

AT—

MY GRANDMOTHER.

She tells me she was handsome once.

Her eyes like jewels bright.

The sunny locks upon her brow

As jetty as the night.

A shower of raven curls

Her lips were of a coral hue.

Her teeth were ivory white.

The roses on her youthful cheeks

Like those that bloom in June.

When sky and earth and sea, and air

To beauty all attune.

Her form a sculptor's model ran

More glorious than her face.

While even her slightest gesture was

The very soul of grace.

Her voice in tune as softly clear

As song-bird's liquid note.

When waves of richest melody

I know 'tis true, for I have heard

At times that she was sweet.

The country round knew none so fair.

Or so my grandpa said.

But now she's withered, bent and old:

Her voice is cracked and shrill:

Her hair is white and thin:

Her hands are wrinkled and old:

Her eyes are dim and blind:

And she is no longer sweet.

For she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

And she has seen, like many leaves

Her head bowed in her hair.

Jack Walter's Fortune.

Nobody saw Jack Walter's good traits

with so clear a vision as little Atty

Brown. Jack was a clerk in a great

dry goods establishment of Dorset &

Drew. He was somewhat vain of his

really handsome face, and a trifle

foppish, but the ground of his

character was laid in good true colors,

warranted to wear. Jack was poor, but

ambitious and capable—so much so that

the firm in whose employ he was

considering whether they should not

raise his salary and send him to travel

for their business. Jack got an inkling

of their intentions, but discreetly kept

it to himself.

As a matter of course, Jack having

reached the mature age of twenty-two,

was in love with a fair lady. He had

first seen her at the store, and his heart

was at once taken captive in the meshes

of her golden hair.

Anne Rathburn was very lovely.

Everybody said so, and rightly. But

she was called a flirt by some minded

people, and the young men were rather

afraid of her. Those who enjoyed her

confidence knew that she was waiting

for a golden prize, and smiled at poor

Jack's infatuation.

Miss Rathburn's father was head-

book-keeper at Dorset & Drew's, and

by no means a rich man. It was his wife

who kept the establishment going. She

had come into possession of a small

fortune just as Anne was blooming into

beautiful womanhood, and consequently

the girl was a little spoiled. The family

lived in elegant style, kept a pony-

chaise, and Anne was gratified in all

her whims, for she was the idol of both

her parents.

Jack had won upon the affections

of the old book-keeper, not for selfish

ends only—for there was something about

the meek, thin-faced, aristocratic looking

old gentleman that encouraged friend-

liness, and Jack had always liked him.

So occasionally the young man was in-

vited to the elegant residence of the

Rathbuns, and in time found himself

on a somewhat intimate footing with

the different members of the family.

Atty Brown was a poor relative who

mended Anne's stockings, and aided that

lazy young beauty in divers ways for

her board and clothes. She was a

cousin on the father's side, with nothing

to distinguish her from ordinary young

ladyhood but a pair of glorious melting

hazel eyes, fringed by the longest, thickest

lashes that were ever seen. Mrs.

Rathburn, like her husband, was tall

and slim, and wore fashionable caps

and a great quantity of false hair. She

had once been the possessor of considerable

beauty, but now people called her

only fine-looking. If she had been

merely the poor book-keeper's wife with-

out the fortune, I doubt if she would

have been considered even that.

These, with a bachelor uncle, whose

chief amusement was showing wonder-

ful tricks with cards and telling for-

unes, made the full quota of the book-

keeper's family, among whom Jack found

himself placed on terms of the most de-

lightful intimacy.

It was the first day of April, and

Anne sat listless looking over some pic-

tures, Atty Brown knitting a pretty tri-

ble for her cousin, on the opposite side

of the table, when Hetty Rogers dropped

in upon them. Hetty was a sleek, sly

little brunette, who always reminded one

of a purring cat.

"Girls, do you know what a lovely

day it is?" exclaimed Hetty, loosening

her dainty fairs at the neck as she seated

herself. "Didn't I see Jack Walters

over here last night?" she went on with

a smooth little purr. "I know your

profile. Is that why you like him Anne?

It's just perfect."

"I like him! Nonsense!" said Anne,

with a laugh which was almost com-

temptuous. "He is a very pleasant

young gentleman, handy to have round,